

A MISTAKE AND A MISS

By ARTHUR W. PEACH

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The manager of the Avenue Garage turned with an anxious face from the telephone. He looked across at the neat, well-dressed young fellow lounging in his office.

"By George! I'm in for it! I agreed to have my best driver here for a party this afternoon, and I haven't got a man on the place; and here's a call from the best customer I have. I can't go myself."

The young fellow straightened up. "Look not so worried, Gleason, why wouldn't I do?"

The manager stared, then his anxious face eased. "Hilton, if you will do this for me, I'll be your slave for the next decade. But if you go, remember you aren't driving that big speeder of yours, and forget, too, that you are the only son of a multi-millionaire, and remember that you aren't to talk unless you're asked to. But if you will help me out—I will remember it, I assure you."

"Oh, I'm game; it's a new kind of a lark; and I will remember."

A little later, as he seated himself in the big touring car, in a snug chauffeur's uniform, he turned to Gleason. "I guess I'll keep the goggles on, so if I should happen to meet some of my friends. Now where is it?"

"1987 First avenue—"

"What! Why, man alive, there's where a girl lives whom I have been trying to convince that I am just the right age to marry. Jephosaphat! I don't know—about—this—"

"Well, don't take the chance then"

Hilton sat up. "Take a chance—I never let one go by. So long."

The big car murmured out of the roadway into the smooth avenue and he sent it humming down the broad street. He knew that he would have to play his cards well to escape detection, for the eyes of Alice Vernon, gentle and blue as they were, were keen. If she discovered him manuevering at her expense, he thought to himself, it would be one long good-night with an exclamation point in heavy type. He drew his heavy goggles far down over his eyes, sunk as much of his six feet as he could into the seat, drew the hat down until it hid the kinks in his hair, and drew up in front of the residence of Senator Vernon.

A maid had evidently been on the watch, for in a few minutes the trim, girlish figure of the girl he loved came lightly down the broad steps, and was handed into the car by the footman. Hilton thanked his stars that she gave him not a glance. His hand went to the brakes, then paused on her order.

Hilton swore softly and tenderly under his breath; for coming serenely toward him was his most earnest rival, Sidney Farland. Hilton wondered what was going to happen; he found out. A sweet voice behind him said: "Good morning, Sidney, I am going for a little spin out and back; are you going down?"

Hilton hoped to heaven that he never appeared so eager for an invitation or accepted one as eagerly as Farland did.

They rolled off, Farland chatting behind in his eager, impetuous way, and Hilton, himself, humped down in his seat feeling like swearing impetuously. It was a pretty how-do-you-do—acting as chauffeur for a sweetheart and a rival.

He listened to the merry chatter behind him, and the gall in his thoughts grew bitter. He, himself, even came up for a topic of conversation, and she said little, Farland very industriously went on to amplify into little details the miserable story that he had heard was going the rounds about him—all a lie. Hilton was sure he had found out who was industrious in spreading it; but the thought did not serve to sweeten his viewpoint on life.

As they drew near the streets leading to the business section, Hilton was in hopes that Farland would ask to be dropped, but far from it, and the next thing he knew, she was asking him to go with her on the spin.

They whirled out onto the smooth state road. It was a glorious day—just the kind of a day to make hearts beat faster, especially hearts that are in love.

Hilton heard the voices behind him grow a little lower after a while; under the rules he should have been busy thinking of other things; but his conscience did not trouble him, and he listened with all the power of hearing he could muster.

There was no doubt about it, he said to himself, Farland was going to propose to her. The thought sent a chill through him. Alice had not been very kind toward him the last few weeks, and he had heard that Farland had a good show. Softly he heard the voices running on behind him.

"All there is to it, Alice," Farland was saying, "I care more for you than any other girl in the world. I am in a position to prove that. One thing is certain: There is no one else who does love you as I do," he added earnestly.

A sweet clear voice said: "Well, I have others, you know. There is Glenn Hilton!"

"Pooh! He?" Alice, he cares for nothing except a clear road and that big French racer of his. Besides, there are other reasons why he—doesn't—"

"Yes, I know. Really, I care very

little for him. He is so sure—so sure, though, that I care for him."

Hilton groaned as he heard the last. But he listened.

"You don't suppose our chauffeur is ill, do you? I just heard him make a funny noise."

"No, he was clearing his throat. Alice, please look at the matter seriously. It is the biggest thing in the world to me. Give me a bit of encouragement."

"Sidney, as I have said, I like you, and it wouldn't take much to change the I and the th for o and a v—no—wait, not here!"

Hilton shut his teeth. His mind was brim. If she started to give Farland a definite answer, he would chuck the machine into the ditch.

There was silence a moment, then she said: "Sidney, I guess I might as well say—"

Then she screamed, and Farland shouted. Hilton brought the big car up in the ditch with a jerk, and immediately fell to rubbing his right wrist. "Pardon—but—I have a cramp—in my wrist." He moved around, doubled up, and gasping. "I guess—you'll have to drive—this—car—back, sir," he gasped to Farland where the other stood evidently swearing under his breath. "This—puts—my—arm—out—of—commission!"

"Well, get in—confound it!" Farland said.

Hilton, still bent over with anguish, climbed into the seat beside the driver's and off they whirled.

Not a word was spoken, but Farland looked at him once as if he would like to have cracked his skull; and Hilton was thankful that the big goggles hid his face.

When near the business section she asked Hilton if he felt better, and Hilton immediately agreed, with the result that they changed places. Farland going into the back seat. But Hilton knew that Farland had released his opportunity.

At the corner from which they turned up the Avenue she ordered Hilton to stop so that Farland might have a shorter distance to go to his office, as she phrased it; and Farland left, after receiving permission to call that evening.

Up the Avenue to her door they swept. He brought the machine to a standstill and sat quiet staring straight ahead. The footman came hurrying down, and to Hilton's surprise was ordered back.

When the door closed, out of the corner of his eye he saw the dainty figure step around beside him, and a bomb greater than any that ever exploded in a man's knowledge blew up right there.

"Glenn Hilton, aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

Sad music, please, he said to himself, then to her—"For heaven's sake, Alice, don't scold me; I've suffered as I never did before." Her face was calm and cold.

"I did this to help out Gleason; there wasn't a man available up there. I didn't know you were going to ask Farland; and I didn't suppose you would recognize me!"

She looked at his begoggled face still coldly, though there was a strained appearance about her expression. He went on hastily. "But I've learned the truth."

Then she laughed as if immensely pleased. "Why, foolish, I know it was you from the moment you appeared and whirled that car up as only you can; then those little teeny, kinky curls under your cap—a woman's eyes can see. You didn't fool me a moment."

Then her face softened, strangely, wonderfully. "It was foolish of you to run the car into the ditch when you did for I was going to say—"

"What?" he gasped.

She slipped back from the machine to the steps. Something in the glint of her eyes, the poise of her figure, made him grip the wheel tight.

"Just opposite what I shall say to you, if you will come up tonight thirty minutes after Farland." Then she disappeared.

A few motor-cops eyed the big touring car that came down the avenue keenly, and peeked at shining instruments, quickly; at the garage corner, a few pedestrians breathed prayers of relief where they did not curse volubly and soulfully; a moment later the manager of the Avenue Garage was begging for mercy as a big six-foot pounded him in the back, and called him endearing names, punctuated with words of gratitude.

Lepers in Revolt.

Japan is having a great many strikes just now, but perhaps the strangest is that of the lepers at Kameyama hospital, Tokio. The hospital was founded and is conducted by a society of French monks, and contains about three hundred leper patients. The costs of the establishment are paid by voluntary subscriptions and by the sale of the produce of the hospital garden and handiwork of the patients. The latter receive no payment for their services, beyond their board, lodging and medical attendance and a small sum for pocket money, which is calculated at the rate of a farthing a day. Recently the lepers demanded an increase in their pocket money allowance to a half-penny a day, and on the refusal of the father superior they struck work, and over a hundred escaped from the hospital by night by climbing over the wall. They were subsequently recaptured by the local police and reconducted to the care of the monks.

In Self-Defense.

Bacon—Why do the hens go to roost so early? Egbert—To get some rest. Haven't you noticed how early the roosters begin crowing?

President Busch Thanks His Co-Workers For Their Loyalty and Co-Operation.

To the Officers and Employees of the Missouri Pacific-Iron Mountain Railway Companies:

One year ago, soon after assuming the duties of President of the Missouri Pacific-Iron Mountain Companies, I issued through the columns of this publication an address to the officers and employees of these companies. This was done after I found that owing to the pressure of important company duties I would not be able to carry out in the time intended my plans to make an immediate visit to all divisions and personally meet all the officers and employes. Since then I have made many inspections of the several divisions and have met the rank and file of my co-workers. The favorable impressions formed on my first trip over the miles as to the employes and the latent strength and earning power of the property have been fully confirmed.

In that address the co-operation of all officers and employees was asked in advancing the interest of these companies; they were requested to be faithful and loyal to their employers; to be economical in the use of fuel and materials; to work in harmony with their fellow-employees; to be careful and diligent in the operation of trains so as to avoid as far as possible injury to persons, killing of live stock and damage to freight and equipment, all of which are costly to the company. It was also urged that polite and courteous treatment be accorded to patrons and the public and due consideration given towards their wants and comfort. Further it was shown that each one, no matter what his position, could assist in making the lines prosperous; that all were interested, as upon the success of these companies depends their ability to retain their employes and pay them reasonable wages.

Today, one year after that address was issued, I am pleased to say that a spirit of loyalty and constancy has prevailed throughout. In a recent extended trip over the lines I found the physical condition of the property much improved.

I now take this means of thanking my co-workers for the faithful and efficient service they have rendered.

We never lose anything by loyalty to the interests we serve.

Loyalty is a solemn obligation every man owes his employer. It not only raises his own standard of manhood, but it elevates the esteem in which he is regarded by others. Practically every successful man has been loyal; few indeed who are not have ever made even a commonplace mark in life, and none has ever succeeded in commanding the respect of his fellowmen.

Be it ever remembered, that no man can act with a loyal and conscientious sense of duty in the affairs that are entrusted to him; in the care, attention and conservation of the property of his employer without building up his own character and manhood, which is immediately reflected beneficially to him and his fellowmen in all of life's relations. We are all fellow workers, and, with the spirit of co-operation and loyalty that pervades our ranks, success is certain to crown our efforts.

Again I want to express my sincere thanks to each and every loyal and faithful co-worker of the Missouri Pacific-Iron Mountain Companies. Their hearty co-operation has already done much for the uplift and benefit of these lines, which let us hope will someday be everywhere recognized as one of the greatest railroad systems.

B. F. Busch.

EVERY KNOCK A BOOST.

A gentleman came into the Herald office a few days ago very much surprised at finding another newspaper printed in Cape. He said he had inquired at a certain office on Broadway as to how many papers the Cape had, and the reply was that (their) paper was the only one. He had a nice order of job work and was getting prices on it, with the intention of giving that office the job, but feeling certain that a town the size of Cape Girardeau could support more than one newspaper, he decided to investigate further, finding the Capes most reliable plant, the Herald, where he left his order for work. This gentleman did not know the man's name that waited on him, but described him as having a nose turned up in such a manner as to indicate that something must be rotten, and he was afraid it might be the class of work they turned out, so left seeking a more reliable office.

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Notice is hereby given to all creditors and others interested in the estate of

HENRY M. THRE

deceased, that I, the undersigned, intend to make final settlement of the estate of said deceased at the next term of the Probate Court of Cape Girardeau County, Missouri, to be held at Jackson, beginning on the 12th day of August, 1917.

MINNIE BARK

Administratrix.

FINAL SETTLEMENT NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to all creditors and others interested in the estate of

JOSEPH INGRAM

deceased, that I, the undersigned, intend to make final settlement of the estate of said deceased at the next term of the Probate Court of Cape Girardeau County, Missouri, to be held at Jackson, beginning on the 12th day of August, 1917.

MITCHELL McFADDEN

Administrator.

FINAL SETTLEMENT NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to all creditors and others interested in the estate of

IDA A. HELLWEGE

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MARTIN HELLWEGE

Executor.



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Respectfully,
BILLIE LANDIS, Mgr.